



WALT WHITMAN'S LAST DAYS.

He Was Cared For by Mrs. Davis, Who Recently Sold His Executors.

The suit of Mrs. Mary O. Davis against the executors of the estate of the late Walt Whitman, which was recently tried at Camden, N. J., revealed some interesting particulars concerning the last days of the "Great Gray Poet." Mrs. Davis sued for alleged services and the maintenance of the poet for several years preceding his death.

The testimony in her behalf showed that Whitman, suffering from paralysis, went from Washington to Camden in 1885 and was living alone in his modest little cottage, 128 Ninth street, Camden, when Mrs. Davis became his housekeeper. She attended him from 1885 till he died, and by her testimony proved that she spent thousands of dollars running the house and providing for all his wants. Many months, particularly in 1888, he was confined to his bed, and his



Mrs. Mary O. Davis' meals were taken to his room by Mrs. Davis. It appeared in the evidence that Mr. Whitman had spent \$1,000 for a macabreum in Harleigh cemetery, where he was buried.

Mrs. Davis denied the allegation of the defense that when she received the \$1,000 bequeathed to her by the poet she relinquished her claim for her services. Horace S. Trabue, one of Whitman's literary executors and the poet's private secretary, testified that he knew Whitman when he first moved to Camden in 1875, but visited him very little until 1888. After that time he saw much of the poet, who was regularly engaged in writing poems and prose, with the exception of a short time when ill with paralysis. Whitman wrote two poems a week for the New York Herald up to within a short time of his death.

From 1885 to 1888 the poet did not need any particular care or attention, but in June, 1888, he had three partial paralytic strokes and was compelled to take to his bed. He recovered sufficiently in a few months to resume his work and go about town accompanied by a nurse provided by his friends. In speaking of Whitman's appetite it was said that he was a heavy eater, but always accommodated himself to circumstances.

Mrs. Davis sued for \$1,000. The jury awarded her \$500.

#### Strange Things Happen.

Mrs. Jungs—You haven't an extra latch key, have you, my dear?

Bingo (thundering in his pocket)—No, only one. That's what's strange.

#### Mrs. Bingo—What?

Bingo—Why, last night when I came home I could have sworn that I had two of them in my hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### His Sister.

Young Wife—I want to buy a sealskin cap for my husband.

#### Hatter—What size does he wear?

Young Wife—I declare I forgot to find out! I know the size of collar he wears, though. It's 18. He'll want about size 18 or 20 for a cap, wouldn't he?—Chicago Tribune.

#### His Native Element.

Kitty—Tom is down south this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alabaster you ever saw.

Ada—How are you going to keep him? Kitty—I don't know, but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Tom.—Life.

#### A Lesson in Grammar.

Visitor—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.

#### Tommy—Yes, sir.

If I give you the sentence, "The pupil loves his teacher," what is that?

#### "Sarcasm."—Texas Siftings.

A Horrible Example.

Mother—Little Willie Mugg's nose turns up terribly.

Little Johnny—He's been taking cold liver oil a good deal longer than I have.

#### Good News.

Advice—Affable Friend—Ah, Mr. Grumpsey, I hope you see well.

Grumpsey—if you don't, you had better consult an oculist—Philadelphia Record.

Our kitchen being on floor above dining room you get an unpleasant odor from same, at Whittier & Co.

## FOR BALMY WEATHER

### THINGS NEW AND LOVELY FOR THE COMING SEASON.

Exquisite Organzines With Flowers Like a Flower Garden—Easter Fashions Expected Soon—Something for the Growing Girls—Oliver Harper's Fashion Gossip, (Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The summer girl is to have many new and lovely things that have never before been devised to subjugate the masculine heart. There are to be some exquisite organzines with flowers like a flower garden, with here a growth of violets, there some roses and many other flowers all set in a border of grasses and rushes. These flowers are in graduated widths, the lower one being the deepest, and they come in sets of three and four, with trimmings also points for berlings and other punctures. Organzine is so soft and fine that without trimming it is a perfect summer fabric.

For the muslin gowns there are flounces of muslin and swiss embroidery in white in imitation of houpon point. The outline of the pattern is defined in red, blue, green or gold, or in some cases all combined. The hemline is in rather large mesh, so as to give full liberty to the tract-



LENTEN ECCENTRICITIES.

### THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860.

It Introduced Lincoln to the People of His Country—The Convention of 1860.

The mistake has often been made that Lincoln was chosen to make the race for the Illinois senatorship in 1858 without full knowledge and appreciation of his ability as a thinker and politician. In fact, some writers and speakers have treated this period in his career as if it were the result of a series of lucky accidents. No mistake could be more vital than this in seeking to arrive at a just and accurate view of Mr. Lincoln's life and character.

When he was selected as the best man to put against Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln was known to the people of Illinois as a man of commanding powers. His friends had no misgivings that he would fail in the effective ad-



ing. This makes a trimming that will be largely employed on white dresses for all persons who wear white in warm weather—from baby to grandmother. No one can imagine how very pretty this colored lace embroidery is without seeing it.

The summer dresses will not all be trimmed with lace, however, for many of them will be as plain as can be, for the much trimmed ones are not apt to look well after they are washed. Some of the wealthiest young ladies are making up their gowns with perfectly flat trimmings. I saw one of laurel zephyr gingham, pink and brown. There were two skirts. The smaller one had three rows of brown and black broiderie striped gingham sewed on flat around the bottom. The over skirt was open in front and had a flat band all around it. The waist was plain with the exception of two stripes down the front.

A white gown that was just being finished for a young lady who expects to wear it at Saratoga struck me as being wonderfully pretty and dainty, though not one to bear such steady wear. The dress was of white linen lawn, sheer and fine. There were three gathered flounces of vandyke embroidery around the bottom, ran with yellow silk. There were belt ribbon, with loops and long ends tied in front. The waist had a set of surplice cross-over ends of the embroidery, set with the points upward. The sleeves were broidered with two bands of the embroidery from shoulder to wrist, the points touching and making diamond shaped open spaces. Where the points touched they were tied with bows of Tom Thumb ribbon the same shade of yellow as that in the pattern. This arrangement will allow the large arm to be free between the spaces, and it is expected that it will prove effective. The shoulder waist leaves a V shaped opening at the throat.

Another gown for summer is of Quaker drab taffeta silk, cut away in front and bordered with a double quilling of the same silk. The front breadth of blue and brown striped taffeta, and this same

case of the cause that he represented.

During the years that he had been the leader of his party in the state he had surpassed all his contemporaries in the bold he had got upon the confidence and respect of the voters. He was believed to be pre-eminently fitted to battle with Douglas concerning questions then of current issue, and in truth no other candidate was thought of at all.

The event justified the faith that was

reposed in Lincoln, for his speech in the famous joint debate attracted the general attention of the entire country early in the campaign. His aim seemed

to be to make the issues of the times so clear that they could be comprehended by the most untrained mentality, and in that case to oppose political strategy of a high class. His speech was pre-eminent. In their logic and their language nothing was left to be desired. Lincoln said of these addressess, "I do not seek applause, or to amuse the people, but to convince them."

Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

The proprietor walked hurriedly, and I after him, until at last he hung open a door. It was the machine shop. The sin was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears.

"Look at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket. 'Now, tell me all about it!'

He smiled cordially as he said this, and I could hear numbers hark. It was impossible to utter a word distinctly, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick!"—Albany Express.

Sure enough.

Waiting Man (at the ticket office)—I was here before a half dozen others whom you have served.

Ticket Seller—I've heard you grumbling this five minutes. I guess you must be a crank.

W. M.—Well, if I'm a crank, I think you should give me a turn.—New York Press.

**THE DEATHBED SCENE.**

Many Pictures Have Been Made of It. Here Is an Authentic One.

No census taker or student of figures and statistics has undertaken to sum up the number of "deathbed scenes" of Lincoln. For awhile just after the unhappy event it seemed as if every artist in the land was seized with a desire to make the picture, and they all tried their hands. Some of these are very amusing to a critical eye. There is one in which nearly every prominent man of that time is represented as being present. Only the doctor seems interested in the dying statesman. All the others are looking at the camera, each with an

expression as if the picture man had said, "Now, gentlemen, look pleasant, please," as he dropped the cap from the camera.

Next week the Easter fashions will be on view, and we may expect many pretty things, but I doubt if there will be many startling changes—from felt to straw in hats, and from furs to light coats and capes. Easter comes earlier this year than usual, I think, and it will be difficult to get the proper weather for the things that will be worn on Easter day, whether it is cold or warm.

Often a mother is driven well nigh dis- tracted to find something for her growing girls that aids their appearance and hides their defects. I took special notice of two new corsets for young girls which seem to me perfect. One for every day was of dark brown serice made with a square yoke, to which was gathered a full lower part extending down to a basque belt held in by a loose belt. Around the shoulders was a berling ruffle of the serge, with two silver flat elastic bands sewed on. Two more encircled the collar. The berling was shirred very neatly, which gave it a pretty finish.

OLIVE BARBER.

ATHLETIC FIGURE OF LINCOLN'S DEATH expression as if the picture man had said, "Now, gentlemen, look pleasant, please," as he dropped the cap from the camera.

This picture represents Mrs. Lincoln

authentic. It is from a copy of the original in the Oldroyd collection. Its correctness was made certain by statements from Mr. Welles and others who were in the room at the moment, and each in the position and place as represented in the cut.—Chicago Tribune.

**His Reception of an Old Friend.**

It was during the dark days of 1863 on the evening of a public reception given at the White House.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the president. Inside the door was an honest faced old farmer, who stood back from the passing crowd until he and the plain faced old fellow clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The president, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman, "Excuse me, my lord, this is an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said, as he grasped the old farmer's hand, "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made plans for old Abe,—in Sangamon county in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the president's salutation said, "Mother, he's just the same old Abe!"

So far.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance recently, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy.

I had been informed that he was a bad customer, but a wealthy man, and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him.

"Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business, I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance?' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop. We go to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.'

Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success.

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